Longfellow's Finest Sennet. fond mother, when the day is o'er, is by the hand her little child to bed, willing, half reluctant to be fed, leaves his broken playthings on the

him more;

Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to restso gently that we go
caree knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too-full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what
we know."

#### PIONEER LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY JENNIE JONES.

At this time, 1642, they seem to have been in possession of all the territory south of Lake Superior, west of Lakes Huron and Michigan, south as far as Milwaukee, and west to, or even beyond. the Missouri river, for at that period they took a Jesuit priest prisoner at Sault St. Mary's, and killed him as an intruder on their territory. And in 1660, the Jesuits, having established a mission at La Point, in Magdalen Island, Lake Superior, were driven off by the Sioux (Western History). Soon after this, probably in 1670, the Chippewas commenced their inroads upon the territory of the Sioux, on the north and east, and fought their way south and west.

In the meantime the Winnebagos, a migratory tribe from Mexico, to escape the Spaniards came among the Sioux, who gave them lands near Green Bay, probably to help shield themselves from the Chippewas. But the Sacs and Foxes came up from the south and took forcible ession of their territory and forced them to go west, and they were in turn driven out by the Menomonies (ibid). Thus it will be seen that the first white settlers in this northwest found wild tribes of Indians, constantly at war with each other, and so used to scenes of war and bloodshed that to seek revenge in blood for any real or fancied injuries from the whites was but their natural inclination. To prevent these wars between the Indian tribes as much as possible, the United States government, in 1825, authorized a general treaty to be held at Prairie du Chien between all the tribes within a district of five hundred miles each way. This joint treaty was signed on the part of the government by Generals Lewis, Cass and William Clark, and by Wabasha and Red Wing, Little Crow, and twenty-three other chiefs and braves of the Sioux, and by Hole-in-the-Day and forty other chiefs and braves on the part of the Chippewas .- Historical Collections.

Then followed the establishing of boundaries between these tribes, and a little later the buying of the lands from the Indians by the United States government, and their removal farther west and north -the old, old story of their frequent depredation, the dealing out of the red man's ruin, fire-water (whisky), and the dwindling out, which must inevitably end in the dying out of these once strong, fierce and warlike tribes of the forests and of

These tribes were, most of them, removed to reservations-lands considered worthless except for hunting grounds, but many of them wandered back to their old haunts where they remained unmolested, generally on friendly terms with the whites, except when under the influence of liquor, when they were not unfrequent-

ly savage and barbarous. CHARACTER OF THE INDIANS.

The character of the Indians, as written by their distant admirers, or their near enemies, has been both over-rated and under-rated. How shall I describe them? -a mixture of savage barbarism and of "civilization," as learned from the whites. This is about what the pioneers found them to be: They are either warm and trusty friends, or bitter, treacherous and blood-thirsty enemies. That is their savage nature. They are inveterate beggars, liars and thieves; a part of this is nature, and a part was learned from their white brothers. They are lazy, dirty and shiftless. They are brave, chaste and constant in their marital relations. They are true to their tribe and those who befriend them, but revengeful and unforgiving to their enemies. How much of this is nature, and how much is learned from the pale faces, I leave to the reader

INDIAN HABITS. With the coming of the whites, the habits of the Indians underwent something of a change. They learned to prize money and to covet its possession, provided it could be gained without much labor. Their wants grew to be more numerous as the ability to supply them increased. They were still hunters, as they had always been, but to this was added a few other pursuits whereby money could be obtained. But in this the principal labor fell upon the squaws. The braves would hunt and fish, and would sell their furs, which always commanded good prices, while the deer skins would be tanned by the squaws, and often manufactured into moccasins, many of them tastefully beaded and ornamented. For thread they used the sinews of the deer, and their work was both substantial and neat. These moccasins were favorite footwear for the pioneers, both men and vomen, and for comfort they cannot easily be surpassed, and a pretty foot never looked prettier than when dressed in a neat fitting Indian moccasin. No white person could ever give a softer finish to deer skin than do the squaws. In this they surpass all others.

The gathering of wild berries, and of wild rice, also contributed considerably towards supplying their wants. In summer a small patch of Indian corn, and sometimes of potatoes, would be culti-vated. In this, also, the equaws performed the most of the labor, while the braves wandered off on hunting or fishing

Of their dances and amusements it is not necessary here to speak, as they dif-fered with different tribes, and bive been described with more or less accuracy by various writers on Indian habits and customs. Something of how their savage trick to feign ignorance of our language, nature predominated, and burst all even when well understood. A presenta-

bounds, will be narrated further on.

INDIAN NAMES. In many places the Indian names of rivers and places have been retained, and I cannot help thinking it would have been better had they been more general. Indian names always have a meaning. which our own have not. Many of them are beautiful, and even poetical, but be their meaning ever so commonplace it has, at least, the recommendation of meaning something, and in after years, when all traces of these Indian tribes have passed away, they will be treasured as mementoes of a race that once lived. loved or hated, and roamed over this land when it was but the solitude of nature. Below I give a few of the Indian names that I am able to call to mind, with their meaning, and regret that I am not at present able to give more:

Suamico-The yellow sand. Oconto-The place of the pickerel. Pensaukee-The place of the brants. Peshtigo-Snapping turtle. Menomonee-Wild rice. Menekaunee-The place where the siges are-literally, the village.

Escanaba-A flat rock. Manitowoc-The dwelling of the spirit. Kewaunee-The name of a kind of

Chippewa-Rushing water

Minne-ha ha-Laughing water. Wisconsin-Yellow water. Oshkosh perpetuates the name of an

Indian chief, and Marinette that of an Indian woman. INDIAN LIPE. Will the reader pardon me if I turn aside a short time to give a glimpse at

the private life-not of the pioneers themselves-but of their neighbors and companions, with whom their lives were intimately blended—the native Indians. But few persons living in countries where a wild Indian is seldom or never

seen, have anything like a correct idea of the kind of life these people really lead. Many imagine that theirs is a happy, care-free life, free from all restraint, and that as he roams at will over the vast free forests of the west, his must be a life to be envied by civilized men and women. Let us look for a moment at the

In summer the Indian life may be said to be at its best, but even then hunger is not an unknown or even an unfrequent guest. Then the Indians settle down in groups, or families, erect their wigwams, and there remain while their small patch of corn is cultivated, berries gathered, etc. In the autumn they remove to the rice fields, which lie to the north. The wild rice forms one of the chief articles on which they subsist, and if this crop fails, as is often the case, it is the cause of great destitution and suffering. Throughout the winter the Indians are frequently on the move, going to new regions in quest of game, or for other reasons. I will relate a couple of incidents which moved my heart to pity for these poor

It was a bitter cold morning in January. A party of five or six were travelby stage, and though thickly and comfortably clothed, and snugly tucked up with buffalo robes, all were complaining of the cold. We were passing over a bleak prairie where the wind blew a perfect gale, when we came upon a party of Indians who had just broken camp and were moving to some new locality. There were about twenty in the company, consisting of men, women and children .-There were two or three Indian ponies loaded with camp equipage, and on these ponies were mounted some of the smaller children, though loys, down to the ages of eight or nine years, together with the squaws, plodded through two feet of snow as best they might, their route lying across the prairie and not in the direction the road ran. The Indians walked erect, carrying only their guns, but the squaws, and even the children, were bent down with heavy loads, carrying not only the camp supplies, but also the woven bark of which their wigwams were made, strapped upon their backs.

The Indians were dressed in buckskin leggins with moccasins of the same material. A thin calico shirt was their only garment from the waist up. The squaws were similarly dressed, with the addition of a woolen shirt that reached just below the knees. The heads of all were uncovered, and around the form of each was loosely drawn a large blanket, which it emed to us might have afforded greater protection had it been more closely drawn, or secured with our own indispensable pins. The dark, slender hands of all were wholly unprotected. Two or three of the squaws had little pappooses strapped upon their backs who cried piteously, very much as a little human baby would have done.

And this party of wanderers would plod along until hunger and weariness would overtake them. Then, on that cold winter's day, they would scrape away the heavy snow, would undo the rolls of bark matting, which must afford but a poor protection from the cold, gather sticks and brush and build a fire, and then, after cooking and eating a simple meal, would spread their blankets and lie down on the cold, frozen ground, to sleep and rest. After thinking of all this, and of the warm fire and smoking meal that would await us at the hotel not far distant, there was not much more complaint among us.

One chilly night, late in autumn, word was brought that a party of Indians were encamped in a grove near by. Although there are large Indian settlements a little ways to the north, an Indian camp in our midst is sufficiently rare to attract some attention. So that evening, taking a few presents as a peace-offering, a party set out to pay the encampment a visit. A blazing fire guided us to the spot. About the fire-over which a kettle hung suspended, were a group of ten, all seated on the ground—six Indians and four squaws. The Indians were smoking their pipes with stolid countenances, while the squaws had their blankets drawn up over, their heads, and their heads resting on their hands, seemed indifferent to everything in life. An effort at conversation elicited only a grunt, and a declaration in the Indian tongue that they could not speak English, a statement which we very much doubted, as it is an Indian

tion of our gifts aroused a little life, and a chatter in the Indian tongue.

The kettle was boiling slowly and being The kettle was boiling slowly and being uncovered was seen to contain a piece of meat, some potatoes, and some pieces of black bread, all boiling together, and would form a not unsavory meal. When cooked it would be set out on the ground, and the group squatted around would dipout moraels and eat them from their fingers. Then, with blankets drawn around them, and with heads toward the fire, and with no shelter save the cold, starry heavens, they would sleep until morning. Possibly they would partake of the rem-nants of last night's meal, and at early dawn would be again on the trail, and not until twenty-five or thirty miles were accomplished would they again stop to rest. comfortable, or our beds softer or more downy, than when on some cold, chilly night we think of a visit to an Indian encampment.

Does any one wonder, with all their suffering and privation, with wars waged among them, and with the white man's "fire-water" dealing ruin and death in their midst, that he is fast dying out?

Sometimes the savage nature of the Indians would burst forth, like a prisoned volcano, and culminate in deeds of bloodshed and murder so borrible as to strike terror to the stoutest hearts. In recording these deeds of carnage the blame cannot be said to rest wholly upon the savages. They were generally inclined to be friendly with the whites when treated with kindness and justice. Some of their most atrocious acts of cruelty may rather be attributed to drunken frenzy, than to either injustice on the part of the whites, or savage barbarity on the part of the Indians. Of this class was one of their most flendish murders, known as

THE TEA-GARDEN MURDER. This took place in Northern Iowa, in the year 1834. Even now, told in the plain, unvarnished language, and simple pathos of an old frontiersman, which my pen may only feebly imitate, it will thrill the listener with horror. What must it have been, then, to those who lived in those times, at the mercy of those fierce and cruel savages to whom such scenes were but pastime?

In the year referred to above, there lived, in one of the northern counties of Iowa, a Frenchman named Tea-Garden. The country was very wild with only a few white families scattered through a wide extent of territory. His family consisted of his wife-a very estimable wo man, and four children-two boys, aged respectively eight and eleven years, a girl of six years of age, and an infant child. Tea Garden kept a trading post and dealt with the Indians, who were much more numerous than the whites. He soon found that although they coveted heads and other trinkets, there was one article which found much more ready sale than any other, and for which an Indian would sacrifice almost anything he possessed. This article was called in the Indian tongue "Poch-a-ninna," the literal signification of which is "fire-water," in plain English, whisky. He was not a man of much principle, and though the sale of liquor to the Indians was strictly against the laws of the territory, he soon came to dispense the fiery fluid with a freedom that was in accordance with the

Indians' capability of paying for it. But few men can handle fire-brands without themselves being seorched. But few can deal out poison without themselves feeling its direful effects, and Tea-Garden did not prove to be one of the few. Having a natural liking for the vile stuff, with him to bandle was to taste, and he soon came to drink freely with his customers, be they either whites or Indrunkard and a sot, with scarcely a spark of manhood left.

He abused his family, his helpless children, and his faithful wife, who clung to what little of manhood he yet possessed. There was one of the hangers-on around this drinking-place, an Irishman named Mahone, who, although a good and kindhearted man, had yielded to his appetite for liquor until he, too, had become a confirmed drunkard, and having no family ties, cared but little for anything save the gratification of his appetite for liquor.

One day liquor had flowed more freely than usual, and as a consequence Tea-Garden had been more abusive than ever. He had beaten both his wife and his mooy sequence of the seque wrath. In the course of their drunken revelry it was proposed that Mahone purchase Tea-Garden's wife. This was acceded to, and the price being agreed on, the money was paid over, and a paper made out declaring Mahone the rightful owner of the "chattel."

Mahone had a genuine respect for the woman, and being partially sober the next morning, approached the woman and frankly stated the bargain. Said he: "According to the customs of this rough country, I suppose that I might claim you and make you trouble, but I wish nothing but to see you in a happier situation than you are here. You have friends to whom you can go and who will gladly receive you. Go, and I will protect you in so doing." She was glad to accept the offer, and taking the youngest child with her went to her friends, leaving the other children until she could find means to provide for them. This explains how there came to be only drunken Indians, and whites, and small children at this

trading post at the time of the tragedy. The two men, Tea-Garden and Mahone, kept together, drinking and carousing, and selling liquor to the Indians, sinking lower and lower in the scale of humanity. The Indians' money went into the white man's pocket as freely as ever, but there began to be low mutterings of discontent, mingled with the drunken dance and whoop. A storm was gathering, but its omens were not heeded.

One day in mid-winter, a gang of Indians had been at the post all day, drinking and carousing. The host and his com-panion, Mahone, had drank with them, and were even more under the influence of liquor than were their guests. Night came on and the children were sent supperless to bed. The children were frightened and hungry, and were lying in bed awake listening to all that was going on around them. They knew that their father and Mahone were asleep by their heavy breathing, but the Indians were awake and talking angrily in their own language, which the children well understood. They were telling how they had been cheated by Tea-Garden, and as their anger increased the children heard these savages plan the murder of the whole family while they slept. The three were in one bed, and the little girl of alx was the only one that slept. The oldest boy drew the bedelothes up over her head in the hope that by so doing she might be unnoticed and so escape the massacre that awaited them. Trembling with fear the boys dared not speak or stir, but no word or movement escaped them. They saw one of the Indians take up an ax from the corner, try its edge, and then saw it descend, crashing through the brain of their father. They saw it raised, and again descend, in like manner, above the prostrate form of Mahone. Both men passed from their drunken slumber into he embrace of death without a sigh or a

The two boys lay clasped in each other's arms, horror-stricken at the scene. For fully half an hour they lay there, gazing on the bloody spectacle, before the Indians seemed to remember their existence and came towards them. True to their savage custom of sparing neither women or children, they prepared to finish their hellish work. With an unerring aim the ax went crashing through the skull of the younger boy. The elder crept be-neath the bed-clothes in terror, and as the ax again descended it crashed through his shoulder, inflicting a severe but not painful wound, and as, with almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind, he lay perfectly quiet, the Indians did not take the trouble to see whether they had quite finished their work or not, as they doubtless would have done had they been sober. The little girl slept on unnoticed and undisturbed. The drunken swijpin mooning noun jiej mojq

phesied, but, as is too often the case, the ph grangs part jour peen tented and baorious consequences from the sale of liquor when under the influence of liquor. Seas a race, are quarrelsome and dangerous trouble in the neighborhood, for Indians, consequence there was considerable and drank at the encaupment. As a would be carried away from Shuffs' place elry, and sometimes quantities of the fluid comb near so as to enjoy a drumken revand quarreling. Bodies of them would around the place, drinking, earousing There was generally a gang of Indiana

publicly without tear of punishment. Jow such things being done openly and and the country too thickly settled to alsold to the Indians, the time being past, actions, kept a stock of liquors and siyly out of the way of witnesses to his lawless distance from any neighbor, so as to be A German named Shulls, living a safe ago, just how many I am not able to say. munique took blace not very many years the small village of Germantown. This read in Northern Wisconsin, near known as the Germantown murder, which eaw teal out of evulue valimie a 10 THE CHRISTATOWS MURDER.

fell a victim to his life-long foes. the number slain, but at last he himself unerring aim. None but himself knew a peculiar mark, as it killed by the same might often be found a dead Indian, with wherever his hunting grounds lay, there no tales of the game he sought. But manbood, became a wild hunter, who told boy, even before he reached the years of girl to brave, noble womanbood. The Both the boy and girl grew up-the

neg and the charred bones of the three -blind sat to saint pairebluous bas sadas. scene of the tragedy, and found only the In the morning, neighbor's visited the nd girl were badly frozen But the bands and feet of both the boy friendly shelter of the neighbor's house. boy succeeded at last in reaching the

wound in his shoulder, partly dragging and partly dragging a mile away. With that bleeding, gaping the snow to the nearest neighbor's house, set out, barefooted and nearly naked, over companion in all the household, the two ing his electing sister, his only living yells died away in the distance, then rous-The brave boy listened until their savage a fire at the outer walls of the building.wretches stole away, having first kindled the middle of the night, according to the Indian custom, the blood-thirsty, drunken

orgies increased, while the boy of eleven [To be Continued.]
A man who looks after his own in-



Boxes, \$1.25. Address, Da. Swarra & Sox, Phila, PaBEST Vou can make money faster at
work for us than at anything
else. Capital not needed. We
will start you. \$12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted
every where to work for us. Now is the time. You
can work in spare time only or give your whole thuse
to the business. You can live at home and do the
work. No other business will pay you nearly as
well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money
made fast, easily, and honorably.
Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Just Received, a Car Load of

#### Oliver Plows & Repairs. Being our Second Car Load within 30 days.



We have the Exclusive sale of the above for Shiawassee County, and are coresented at

Vernon, by JOHN HOPKINS.
Byron, by WILLIAMS & DEVORE,
Baneroft, by ROGER SHERMAN,
Perry, by R. S. OLCOTT.
Laingsburg, by FRAIN BROS.

Bennington, by D. R. SALISBURG & CO. Hartwellville, by LUTHER WRIGHT, Henderson, by BARE BROS. Oakley, by GEO. ROOT, Judd Corners, by HENRY CAMERON.

These are the only parties who have

#### Genuine Oliver Plows and Repairs.

The Oliver Co. have a Blast Furnace at Pine Lake, Mich., and use the Best Lake Superior Iron in all their Points. (No scrap.) Cutter Points, 50c, Plain points, 4oc.

> BUY ONLY THE GENUINE! ARTHUR McHARDY, OWOSSO.

April 26, 1882.

I Want Every Person to know that I am Selling

CARRIAGE TOPS. CUSHIONS.

LAZY BACKS, NECK YOKES

#### RUBBER LAP COVERS

And everything in the CARRIAGE TRIMMING LINE for less money than any other Firm in Michigan. My Tops are put up in good style and of good material.

Call and examine Goods before Purchasing. I guarantee both Goods and Prices.

#### GEO. CARPENTER.

Manufacturer of •

Carriage Tops, Cushions, etc., and Dealer in Carriage Trimmings.

NOS. 119, 121, & 123 MAIN ST., OWOSSO, MICH.

Send for Price List.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

SPECIAL NOTICE:

# CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP! FOR CASH,

FOR CASH, FOR CASH.

NOW IS YOUR TIME! SAVE MONEY, SAVE MONEY by Leaving Your Orders

Reduced Prices in order to make room for

DON'T MISS THE CHANCE.

**Elegant Fits, Good Trimmings** 

UNDERWEAR NECK-TIES, CAPS. Cuff Buttons | Scarf Pins at Cost

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, AT

### WESTLAKE'S

The Merchant Tailor. THOMAS' NEW BLOCK.

OWOSSO, MICH.